

Multiples by [prettyboiiharringrove](#)

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Summary:

bianatorres1 — #4) What if Billy was expecting multiples?

1. Blimp

Three. Fucking three kids. Stupid goddamn Steve Harrington and his stupid goddamn super sperm and his stupid goddamn family history of multiples. Fucking asshole could have at least warned him. It's not like he was going to look at his only child of a boyfriend and just assume this could happen.

One kid was enough for him. He was already stressed from the moment he saw that shitty pink plus sign (and the other seven that followed) and now he's going to have three ?!! He finds some sadistic pleasure in recalling the moment they found out and seeing Steve turn so green he should have been on the side of the cans of green beans they sell at the supermarket. Serves him right.

"You gonna stay here all day?" Billy can tell Steve's grinning, refuses to open his eyes to confirm what he already knows.

"If you make me move, I will fight you, I almost punched Ted Wheeler today," he sounds almost proud, and Steve should probably be alarmed by that, but he finds it kind of charming. No one really likes Ted Wheeler, and the idea of his omega punching him seems kind of cute. He realizes that's really fucked up, that *they're* really fucked up, but he accepted that years ago, kind of loves it now.

"You know, we have a nice soft bed at our place, you don't need to steal Joyce's couch," Steve sits down on the floor, starts running his fingers through Billy's hair, massaging his scalp, and Billy starts purring, fucking purring.

Despite Billy's obvious pleasure, he repeats himself. "If you make me move, I will fight you," he pauses between the second half of his sentence, biting down on each word. "Joyce told me I could stay as long as I like, and unless you plan to carry me home, I'm not moving until I am good and ready."

"I *could* carry you."

"Steve, I'm a fucking blimp, don't get my hopes up when we both know you'd probably drop me," Billy sounds annoyed, but Steve

knows it's more than that, especially when he leans more into his touch, desperate for the comfort. "Six months, six fucking months pregnant and someone told me I look like I'm about to pop. 'Any day now' that asshole said. You know some people aren't even showing at six months."

So that's it, Billy's never ending insecurity rearing its ugly head again. Steve sighs, leans forward to kiss his forehead, and Billy whines when he pulls away. Steve has an idea of how he could get Billy off the couch, just promise to cuddle him when they get home, it's that simple, but he's not going to do that right now. He's going to let Billy lay on the couch until Joyce kicks them out (that's obviously never going to happen) or Billy's ready to head home.

"If you weren't so big the triplets would have ripped their way out of you by now, and some people just don't know better. It's not your fault," Steve frowns when he sees Billy pout his lip. "Hey, look at me."

Most times Billy would be able to ignore people, but when it comes to his body, or rather losing the one he worked so hard for, it's hard to ignore people's comments, even the compliments because he sure as fuck doesn't feel like he's glowing.

He peaks out of one eye before opening them all the way, turning to face Steve, nudging his hand with his head because who the fuck said he could stop ?? Scratch his head or leave him alone, those are the rules.

"You're beautiful," Billy rolls his eyes, scoffs because no, he's really not. Difference is he may be annoyed by other people's praise, but he knows Steve actually believes that and it makes him tingle all over, makes him perk up in delight. "I'm serious, you're gorgeous baby."

"Thanks," he's blushing, and Steve smiles proudly. Billy takes a deep breath, leans into his touch for a few more moments and then moves to sit up, relieved that Steve helps him before he has to ask. He smiles at Steve when his hands find the bump without even thinking. Steve's gaze almost makes it all worth it.

"Wait...why the fuck did you almost punch Ted?"

Leave it to Steve Harrington to ruin a fucking moment. At least, it would have ruined the moment if it were anyone else, but Billy can't stop the smirk that takes over his features.

"You should just be happy I didn't and take me home."

2. Insecure

Summary for the Chapter:

anonymous — Ohhh on the drabble of billy expecting multiples, imagine billy making a comment about how stressed he is and SOUNDING angry/upset about having three and steve has this moment of dread listening to billy rant and he gets really quiet. "Do you...I'm...you don't want them?" Because STEVE IS INSECURE TOO

Billy presses the heels of his palms into his eyes, trying to sooth his headache.

“God, I can’t stand this shit,” he groans, stretching as he falls back onto the couch next to Steve. “I’m so fucking done with this.”

He leans against Steve, craving his warmth, and lets his eyes fall shut as he tries to ignore his own discomfort long enough to relax. He knows it does him no good to be so tense and stressed, but he doesn’t really know how to be anything else.

Steve takes a shaky breath as he tries to bite back that sinking feeling and comfort Billy instead. He needs to rest, not to deal with Steve’s messed up shit. He’s a grown man, an *alpha*, he should be able to figure this shit out himself.

He tries to swallow the lump in his throat but it won’t go down. Every time Billy makes comments like this Steve gets this sick feeling in his gut, like he’s somehow going to lose Billy or the kids, or both. He worries that he’s going to have to choose, and that ruins the whole point of *family*.

Billy has insecurities about his appearance and rejection, but Steve has insecurities about being alone all over again. He can’t stomach the thought, but he’s usually able to save his anxiety for when Billy’s out of the house or sound asleep.

Apparently, it’s finally become too much to contain.

“Billy?”

“Hm?” Billy stirs from where his head is rested on Steve’s shoulder.

“Do you...do you not want them?” the question has been a heavy weight on his chest since he found out Billy was pregnant. There are times where Billy will coo at his stomach or talk about their family as if it’s a daydream, but the more the triplets grow, the more stressed and disappointed Billy seems and it makes his heart clench, takes his breath away, and makes him feel constricted and cold.

“Want who baby?” he sighs, clearly not in the mood to have a conversation, tucking himself into Steve’s side and inhaling deep, finding comfort in Steve’s scent. He’s curious enough to open his eyes when he smells the fear, hates the look he’s greeted with when he looks at Steve. His heart starts pounding, his own fear becoming a phantom floating around the room.

Steve almost loses the confidence he’s built up for this moment, almost loses the ability to speak entirely.

“The babies, do you not want them?” he questions, his heart lodging in his throat directly under the lump he’d been trying and failing to swallow down, making it harder and harder to breathe.

Billy jerks up, gets overwhelmingly angry, feels his entire body burning up with rage. He’s set to yell at Steve, to rip him a new one, to make him cry until he’s throwing up because how fucking dare he ask him that, but then he looks at Steve and sees that there’s already tears brimming in his eyes. The look in his lover’s eyes is a bucket of cold water that douses the fire.

He’s still angry, still hurt by the question, but he calms enough to actually talk to him instead of scream.

“If I didn’t want them, do you really think I would have let it go this far?” he tries not to snap, but the slight bit of venom that drips off his tongue can’t be helped. Still, Steve looks hopeful, but he can’t answer, and that both breaks Billy’s heart and makes him feel guilty. “How long you been thinking about this?”

“Honest answer?” Steve looks like he regrets this entire conversation, which means he’s let his fears consume him for too long without saying a damn thing to Billy. That hurts Billy too, because he wants Steve to know that he can always come talk to him, that he should, that he doesn’t have to walk on eggshells because even if he is an irritable asshole when he’s pregnant, if things are serious he’ll sit down and listen.

“Yes Steve, honest answer. We agreed, no *bullshit*, remember?” Steve still cringes at the word, which means Billy’s going to keep using it to prove his point because it makes Steve listen, makes him realize that Billy is constantly trying really fucking hard to be a better person and not hurt him like Nancy or even worse, he himself, has done in the past.

“Since you told me. I know you say you love them, and most of the time I believe you but, sometimes when you wish for this to be over it feels like you’re wishing them away and I just...if I lose them or if I lose you, it’s gonna kill me.”

Steve’s actively crying now. Billy takes a deep breath, moves so that he’s completely turned to Steve, reaches for his jaw and gently turns Steve so that he’s facing him too, cups his face in his hands when he’s finally got his full attention.

“I want them, I *promise* I do,” he leans forward, kissing a few tears away before pulling away and wiping away those that continued to fall with his thumbs. “I want this, you, a family, it’s all I’ve ever fucking wanted, I swear to God baby. I know I’m literally the worst person you know, but I would never put you through that, I would never promise you a family just to take it away.”

“You’re not the worst,” Steve argues through sniffles, his own tense shoulders finally relaxing. Billy lets out a comforting rumble, can’t help the slight smile that graces his lips when he sees Steve lighting up with hope again.

“Whatever you say big guy,” he leans forward, struggling a bit with his swollen stomach. He kisses Steve, feels the babies flutter and thinks they must be trying to show their papa that they love him too. “We’re not going anywhere Steve. You’re stuck with us.”

“Stuck with you?” Steve finds humor in that, because stuck isn’t exactly how he’d describe it. He thinks he’s the luckiest guy in the goddamn world. Billy loved him enough to change for him; he admits that it wasn’t all for him, that some of it was just Billy finally getting to be the man he deserved to be, but they also know that Billy probably wouldn’t have if he didn’t give a shit about someone. He loves him enough to give a shit, loves him enough to give him a fucking family, he doesn’t think he’s stuck with Billy, he thinks he’s fucking blessed.

“Yeah, three pups and Billy fucking Hargrove. You sure you don’t wanna back out while you still can?”

“Hm, Billy Hargrove is kind of an asshole,” Steve teases, stealing a kiss of his own this time, warm hand affectionately cradling Billy’s bump, smiling against his lips when one set of little feet finds his hand and starts kicking. Billy tries to look offended, but he’s too relieved that Steve has calmed down to be anything other than delighted, and maybe a little tired too but that just comes with the territory. “But he’s *my* asshole. I’m not going anywhere.”

“Good. Now stop crying and hold me, I think we both could use a nap.”

Steve doesn’t have to be told twice, he’s already wiping his eyes with his sweater sleeve to get the last few tears away, and then he’s turning, pulling Billy to him and putting his arm around him so that his head is rested on his chest and he can run his fingers through Billy’s hair.

Billy hums in content, closes his eyes again and curls up like a kitten.

“I love you,” Steve whispers, feeling the last of that heavy weight he’s been carrying around leave him after all those months. Relief is such a pleasant feeling, almost as good as what he feels when Billy kisses him or his pups kick.

“Love you too pretty boy,” and somehow Steve knows that those words, words that are already so special in their own right, somehow mean more than they ever have. They’re a promise that he’s going to hold on to until his dying day.